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THE
H O B B Y-H O R S E:
A
CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRE
ON
THE T I M E S.

Printed from a *Manuscript*, found among the Papers of a
late deceased SATIRIST.

Vera redit facies dissimulata: rit.

PETR. ARB.

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НОВЫЕ ГЛАЗА

A

CHARACTERISTIC SATELLITES

II

Э. А. МИТЕНТ

в 10 главах, зондом для астрономии и магнитной
атмосферы Земли и др.

Лондон: Типография Академии наук СССР

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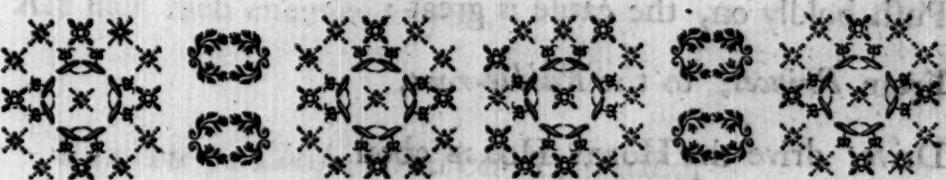
A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following little *Poem*, was found among the Papers of a
late deceased SATIRIST; and is printed just as it stood in the
original copy, the Editor not chusing to make the least alteration
whatever. How he came by it, he is not at liberty to declare pub-
lickly, and therefore the curiosity of the Reader cannot be satisfied.
If this should meet with a favourable reception, the other part will
be published, in which, what now remains behind the Curtain will
be offered to public view. Some of the circumstances here men-
tioned are not so recent now it is imagined, as they would have
been at the time this piece was intended for the Press, yet it was
thought necessary to preserve them.

W I M B L D Y C A

1. I have oft by grome brouȝt her my selfe answere of TH^T
silt ni bochit in flat beinig to her; wher as biforn val
neffiside fift salte aske of galde son withi eir woe; lathe
duysdale or yngelby aduered al ydene of wot; ther as a
crafte of gome, rebbe, or yngelby betwix them; whiche
ther respellid the dawnesse of yore; tharefore brouȝt
salte chameys of heid, entred won ther ydene; as
gome, rebbe, or yngelby aduered; yore woe; ydene or ydene; ad
well brouȝt her an sworne; as ther dawnesse of yore; an sworne
as wile; as wile;

Not die thief who am establec'd in this world off



T H E

H O B B Y-H O R S E.

A TIRE descend beneath the skies !

With whip and scourge ye *Furies* rise !

Lash those who aim at growing great,

Pimps, Priests, and Ministers of State.

Cease not to crush their haughty pride,

For *Place at Court, or Pension'd Bribe* ;

Tho'

Tho' *Prisons*, *Pill'ries* be your fate,
Push boldly on, the cause is great :
From *Princes*, to the *Rabble-rout*,
Drive, drive the HOBBY-HORSE abou.

BOLDLY attack the *Manners* — *Times*,
Grown horrid with the worst of Crimes !

FROM that dread *Monster* set us free,
Known by the name of SODOMY !
Nature ne'er gave this *Monster* birth,
Nor was he born 'twixt Heav'n and Earth.
His dark Disciples (strange to tell)
Satan denies a place in HELL !
Shun, O ye Fair ! whene'er you meet,
The *Hydra Monster* in the Street !

Not

THE HOBBY-HORSE.

9

Not the most vile abandon'd crew,

Are half such enemies to you.

BANISH ye *Chiefs*, who bear command,

This *Monster*, to some *foreign land*;

To *France*, or *Rome*, O send him hence,

Nor let him blast our innocence!

To *Popish Convents* let him fly,

Where *lazy Priests* are pamper'd high;

Where *Virtue* from her nature falls

Secure, within those *sacred Walls*;

Where *Priests* are not allow'd to wed,

But take *young Striplings* to their Bed;

Debauch their morals, spur their lust

To things unnat'ral, and unjust!

AKINTON

C

O HEAV'N!

O HEAV'N ! may never come that time
When Britain sinks in ev'ry crime !

When Virtue leaves her valiant Sons,
And from their rank embraces runs.

LORD Seaport, impotent and old,
Throughout the List of Vices bold,
Debauch'd, disabled, out of spite,
Disowns the Fair, turns Sodomite !
His darling Hobby-Horse, a Boy,
(Design'd by Heav'n for noblest joy)
Becomes, when fitted to his Plan,
A Monster, Nature form'd for Man.

ANOTHER

O HEAV'N

THE HOBBY-HORSE.

II

ANOTHER Titled wretch well known,
From ev'ry thing that's good has flown ;
Most vilely treats his lovely wife,
Because her Plan's a *virtuous* life.

Ere married one short week, he fled
From *Virtue*, and the Marriage Bed.
No longer has she pow'r to please,
Her soft endearments only tease ;
Variety is all his Plan,
"One Woman only for one Man?"
"No, no, it never will go down,"

She's hurried to a *Country Town*,
To end her days in pain and grief,
And give the wretch a quick relief ;

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While he, when high with lust is grown,
 Sends out and ransacks half the Town,
 Porters and Chairmen run about,
 To find the leudest Strumpets out.

SEE him with treats and money, court
 The Wantons, to his lustful Sport ;
 One vicious Harlot's not enough ;
 He must have twenty *strip'd in Buff*,
 To dance and sing, blaspheme and swear,
 You'd think that Belzebub was there.

MARK H***** with beauteous face,
 How fall'n from Virtue, and from Grace !
 Her Lord is old, and ease his Plan,
 My Lady tho', must have a Man ;
 She's

She's *leud*, and 'tis her only pride,
To *Whore* with all the *Fiddling Tribe*.

THROUGHOUT the once lov'd *female Race*,
See *Luſt* drives on with *speedy pace* ;
In lawless pleasure some are wild,
And all they fear, or dread's a *Child* ;
For *Fame* once lost, you know 'tis bad—
Italian Eunuchs must be had ;
And tho' they're *scarcely Men*, 'tis true,
No danger can from them ensue.

SEARCH thro' the list of *Quality*,
One virtuous mind you'll hardly see ;
Debauch'd by luxury and ease,
They act what horrid crimes they please ;

D

Leave

Leave *Virtue* and her blissful seat,
And fly to *Vice* in dark retreat;
Sons, Daughters, Mothers, Husbands, Wives,
Lead damnable and hellish lives;
And wherefo'er you pass the street,
You'll surely *Whores* and *Cuckolds* meet!
Their *Hobby-Horse* you see is *Lust*,
On which for *Happiness* they trust.

FROM *High*, to *Low*, 'tis all the same,
For neither heed the loss of *Fame*;
You'll see the wild infection run,
And *Beggars* be by *Vice* undone.

AMBITION, next appears in view,
A Vice encourag'd as if new.—

Ambition

THE HOBBY-HORSE.

15

*Ambition is a dangerous thing,
To touch the Conscience of a King;
And Subjects should renounce its sway,
Nor ere the Iron-rod obey.*

*SYPHAX, in northern climate bred,
Was better taught, by far, than fed.
Ambition reign'd within his breast,
Ambition never let him rest,
Ambition led him to be great,
He was a Minister of State.*

*His Hobby-Horse you see was Pride,
On which he boldly dar'd to ride.
K—g, L—ds, and C—mm—ns him obey'd,
No tyrant ere so rudely sway'd;*

No Patriot, for his Country's good,
With scheme of merit ever��d; But Syphax first survey'd the plan,
And as he lov'd, or fear'd the man,
Accepted, or refus'd the bill,
So govern'd his despotic will.
Not Famine, Pestilence, or War,
To Kingdoms so destructive are,
As Pride, or boundless thirst of Pow'r,
These seldom pass the destin'd bound;

SIMON, from pride, will be a Tool,
And join with those who have the rule;
Among the Pr—vy C—nc—l mix,
And ride in Gilded Coach and S�—
But how to reach it is the matter,
Away to Court, there fawn and flatter,

Cant,

THE HOBBY-HORSE.

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Cant, lie, deceive, 'tis no disgrace,
And will most surely gain a *Place.*

WELL —— this obtain'd —— will this suffice?

No, *Simon*, you must higher rise.

Mount, mount your *Hobby-Horse* and ride,
And scourge him with the *Whip* of *Pride* ;
Restive a-while the Beast may run,
But sit him fast, the work is done ;
Ne'er stop to think what you're about,
But dare to see the matter out ;
Easy achievements are not nam'd,
'Tis hardship makes th' adventure fam'd.

Who mounts the *Hobby-Horse* of *Pride*,
A-while secure may seem to ride ;

E But

But should he run too great a length,
And spur the beast beyond his strength,
He'll fret, and kick, grow weak and stumble,
Till *Horse* and *Rider* have a tumble.

POMPOUS, denies the *Holy Word*,
Of Jesus, his most sov'reign *Lord*;
And tho' he not one word believes
Of Scripture, yet he wears lawn *Sleeves*.
His *Hobby-Horse* you plainly see,
Could nothing but a *Mitre* be.
Cease *Annet*, cease to write again,
You speak of *Holy Writ* too plain ;
But if you ever hope to rise,
Praise *Priestcraft*, *Ignorance* and *Lies* ;
Do this if you intend to climb,
You may a *Bishop* be in time.

STAGE Managers, by Art grow great,
And aim at Power, and at State;
Build Country Seats, and Palaces,
And treat the Public as they please.
To narrow views confine the Town,
And act no Pieces but their own;
By force monopolize the Stage,
And slight a kind, and gen'rous Age;
To Av'rice prone, and Pride in view,
They manage, act, and scribble too.

L—r, whom vice and age should tame,
Has still a lawless thirst to Game;
Perjur'd and punish'd by the Law,
He seeks with gold to find a flaw;
Lawyers, and Council, round him ply,
Eager to suck the Madman dry;

While

While *all* agree to fleece the man,
Of as much money as they can ;
This done, they'll leave him to repent,
With Pill'ries, or Imprisonment.

CROTCHET, a *Doctor*, deeply read
In *Musick*, took it in his head,
To scribble *Op'ras* for the *Stage*,
And touch the passions of the *Age* ;
But, O mischance ! the audience sit,
And find nor reason, sense, nor wit ;
Groans, hisses, cat-calls, squeak about,
The House is one distracted rout ;
The *Doctor* stares, and damns the *Town*,
And vows his *Op'ra* shall go down ;
The *Town* declare there's nothing in't,
He vindicates his cause in print ;

Calls

Calls ev'ry judge, and *Critic Ass*,
That will not let his nonsense pass,
While *Fiddlers* tremble with concern,
Because 'twas wrote by *Doctor A——e*.

HEAR *Whitefield* talk of inspiration,
And spread his madness thro' the nation!
Hypocrisy and wild grimace,
Are outward signs, of inward Grace;
While plain Religion's out of season,
And Zeal has got the start of Reason.
So *Bawds* put on a face devout,
To bring their base designs about;
Quote texts of Scripture to betray,
The virt'ous Female, young and gay.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD the Sovereign *Lords*, the *Mob*,
They're always ready for a Job ;
And marshal out in ev'ry street,
For any sport or mischief fit ;
While *Bucks* and *Bullies* run about,
As *Captains* of the *Rabble Rout* ;
Acting as *Gen'rals* of the day,
Commission'd by a loud *Huzza* ;
And are as wise in *State Affairs*,
As *City Aldermen* and *Mayors*.
When *Liberty* they loudly cry,
Some *hidden Danger's* always nigh ;
So *Rebels* do for *Peace* declare,
When bent to raise a *Civil War*.
Now foaming authors of renown,
Spread *wild sedition* thro' the Town !

But

But were they in their *Country's* cause,
They'd *cherish*, not *subvert* the Laws.
Curse on each venal, factious knave,
Each hireling tool, and rebel slave,
Who snarls at what he cannot mend,
And has not sense to comprehend.

To Royal George let *Britons* sing,
Our kind *Protector*, *Friend*, and *King* ;
For *Britain's* happiness is grown,
The *Envy* of each *foreign* crown.

BUT hold —— I travel on too fast,
And drive my *Horse* with too much haste ;
Poor *Hobby* has but little strength,
And may be run too great a length ;

To

To say too much may be a crime,
I'll tell you more another time ;
'Tis but the Preface I have plann'd,
To what I mean to take in hand ;
But should you find there's nothing in't,
I never more will rhyme or print ;
This vain attempt may prove my loss,
And bring the Bard to *Chairing Cross*,
To mount the *Hobby Horse* of State,
And meet *Shebbeare's* and *Anne's* fate.

F I N I S.